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Goodness consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward things we are. To be is the great thing.—E. H. Chapin.

THE GLOBE STORIES.

Are you reading "Held for Trial," by SCOTT CAMPBELL, which has just begun? If you do not read it, you will miss one of the most absorbing stories of the year.

All THE WEEKLY GLOBE stories are very interesting, and are the most popular. THE WEEKLY GLOBE publishes from 12 to 15 complete novels every year, that in the cheapest book form would cost from \$3 to \$5. It does this in addition to giving many dollars' worth of instructive and entertaining matter, to be found in no other weekly publication.

Another continued story will begin next week or the week after.

CAMPING AND CAMPERS.

There is no other word in the vocabulary of our language so suggestive of rare and pleasant conditions of life as camping. It is more than a mere word; it is a symbol as well. It stands for a whole class of experiences so fresh, novel and healthy that it is beloved by imagination and memory alike. It is so truly a mirror to many of us that in it, as in a glass, we see trees, the shores of lovely lakes, the banks of quietly flowing rivers, wooded islands around which the waves run caressingly, beaches of gleaming sand and ranges of lofty mountains. In it also are cabins of bark, canopies that crackle and blaze and flare red light high up amid swaying branches and widely out in a great circle through the dark forest. And in the world of faces and forms that have been companions with us in our forest wanderings, some of whom are with us to this day, and other ones that are not now with us, nor will they ever be again on this earth, and, alas, we know not where they are.

Not only is it a word for the eye, but it is equally a word for the ear. For in it are the sighing of zephyrs, the soft intoning of slow moving night winds, the roaring of strong gales, the moaning of tempests and the sobbing of storms amid the wet trees. The loon's call, the splash of leaping fish, the peacock's cry, the pitiful summons of the lost hound, the splashing of deer wading among the lily pads, and the gentle dripping of odorous gums falling softly on the pine stems, listening to which in silence and sweet content we who were lying under the fragrant trees, like happy and weary children, have fallen gently asleep—all these sounds live in this magic word as music lives forever in the air of heaven, being a part of it.

And in it, too, are human voices, songs, laughter and all the noises of movement and merriment. No other phenomena is like it. The happy hunter's proud hurrah around the captured game, the shout around the bush of evening; the stranger's hail; the guide's strong call to breakfast—a heavenly sound; the flute's soft note, heard over water on still night; the cheer at reaching camp and the murmured farewells at leaving; verily it is a vocal word, and all the sounds that come from it are melody.

Dear word, sweet word. Keep vocal to my ears until they cease to hear, and mirror to my eyes until they see no more, the fair, the sweet and the honest faces that out of the dear old camps that we have built in so many parts for so many years now look forth upon us as out of many heavens. For if there be a better heaven than as well placed camp with a wisely assorted company of honest and cheerful folk, I know not how to find it in my imagination nor that passage of revelation that tells us of it. To all that camp on shores of lakes, on breezy points, on banks of rivers, by sandy beaches, on slopes of mountains and under green trees anywhere, I, an old camper, wood lover, an aboriginal camper, and a camper in the truest sense, I thank God for the multitude of you, for the strength and beauty of you; for the healthiness of your tastes and the naturalness of your natures. I eat and drink with you, I hunt and fish with you, I boat and bathe with you, and with you by day and night enjoy the gifts of the good world. Kneeling here on the deck of my little yacht, standing far over and reaching low down, I fill to the brim the old camping cup that longer than the lives of some of you has never failed my lips, and holding it high in the bright sunlight, Iaving it to the circle of the horizon, and standing bareheaded, with the strong wind on my face, I drink to your health, oh, campers, wherever and wherever you be. Here's health to you all, and long life on the earth, and something very like camping ever after!

W. H. H. MURRAY.

A FAMOUS ACTOR'S BONES.

Within a few days the restoration of the monument over the grave of GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE in St. Paul's churchyard, New York, has been completed by EDWIN BOOTH, COOKE, the first great actor from abroad who ever performed in this country, made his last appearance on any stage at the Boston Theatre in the summer of 1812, and a few weeks after died in New York and was laid in one of the vaults of St. Paul's. Some years later EDWIN BOOTH, who was playing an engagement in America, had the body interred in the churchyard, and erected at his own expense a handsome monument to the great tragedian—a monument which was restored by KEAN'S son, CHARLES, in 1845; by E. A. SOTHERN in 1874, and has now been restored for a third time by BOOTH, inscriptions to this effect appearing upon the stone.

This action of our foremost tragedian is only in keeping with many other of his kindly acts, but it is especially noticeable that this is the first time an American player has interested himself in the bones of the actor whose name he bore, as the others were COOKE'S own countrymen.

The transfer of the body from the vault to the yard is one of the most interesting incidents in theatrical history, for in this removal there were strange mutilations of the actors' bones. In some way KEAN made a noticeable speech at a political meeting held July 6, 1774, and thenceforward he was engaged actively in the political contests of the times. Early in 1776 he came to the command of a company of artillery, and at that time his military training must have ended.

In the presence of these facts it is safe to assume that HAMILTON'S connection with KEAN'S bones was limited to a time within two years, and it is probable that his studies were irregular and unsystematic. Moreover, neither KEAN nor COOKE had any claim to the College had at that time any claim to the title of university, and certainly not any claim to the title of university in the modern sense. Their quality, except perhaps, in the attention given to Hebrew, Latin and Greek, was not superior to that of a first-class academy or high school of the present day.

Gen. GRANT was a graduate of West Point, an institution that is quite remote from a university in the character of its training. It is no part of its design to fit men for the general affairs of life—the contrary rather. In all the branches of learning that rest upon the mathematical talent he excelled without effort, and his standing in his class, which was mediocre only, was due to his superiority in the department of mathematics. Whether Gen. GRANT was helped or harmed for the career of a soldier and the life of a man of the world, we cannot say, but it is certain that the training which he received at West Point was not the training which a university furnishes.

Nor does the history of NAPOLEON'S youthful years support the notion that he had either the training or the equivalent of the training of a university. It is true that the record gives him a place as a student at the Royal College at Ajaccio on the island of Corsica, but as he passed on, when he was in his tenth year, from the Royal College at Ajaccio to the military school at Brienne, no claim for a university training can be based upon his life at the royal college. His scholastic career began at the military school at Brienne, and it ended at the military school in Paris. Finally his record was this: Distinguished in mathematics, tolerable in history and geography, but in Latin and belles-lettres, it is to be said further that to the close of his life he was deficient in ability to read or write the French language with accuracy and facility.

Upon this statement and analysis and with the limitations named I am justified in repeating the sentence to which the criticism of the New York Sun was directed: From SHAKESPEARE through CROMWELL, FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON, HAMILTON and NAPOLEON to LINCOLN and GRANT there is a line of historical personages who owed little to schools and who were strangers to the training of universities.

GEO. S. DOWELL.

FOUR O'CLOCKS.

There is a dear, homely little blossom, some time grown out of fashion perhaps, but much loved by our grandmothers, called the four o'clock. It is a modest, young thing, this best known flower of the mirabilis family, and would hide its face beneath its leaves in the presence of the proud and aristocratic orchid; yet it is none the less as lovely as the orchid in the country garden, and its faithful humility.

But it is not the afternoon four o'clock that is to serve the text for this writing—it is the morning four o'clock. Only they who will toss the soft and seductive pillow aside in the early hours of the morning may day can hope to find its gracious beauty, or know its true beneficence. Of the genus four o'clock there are the city and the country species. The city species can be found best in the suburbs, perhaps; nevertheless, it can be seen and gathered in and about any of the public parks. Sunday is a good day for its finding, for then the early seeder has the privilege of a noontime nap as repayment for unusual early rising. Just before the sun is driven off the dwelling tops, when the yellow and rosy light is gently floating into the green tree-tops, when, in the pulsating city.

The very house seems asleep, and all that might be still! one can find such calm, such real rest even on the bench of the Common or on a green bank in the outer parks! The French poet, Maitland, nearly a century ago, writes: "L'homme a dit: (And what 'man has said' is highly translated.)

"In nature gives his kindly way, For on the sun the sun complies His shining pathway in the heavens.

So it does seem to the seeker of four o'clocks. The composer on his homeward way, after the busy picking from the case of the thousands of little types which make the great telling of the day's news, the sauntering, semi-watchful policeman, the groups of two or three coming from the Seneca club they are not to be minded. The sun coming up is for the four o'clock seeder alone. The robins are out after that unfortunate late worm, and other bright and sweet songsters would be out also.

Little spits, the sparrow, driven away from city haunts, fly alone the yellow-backed young, high up in that elm tree, since the sparrow's spits cannot drive the golden-breasted mother and father away. The sun is now over the house tops and peering over the trees or down through the vista of the lower ones. Butterflies flutter about, bees buzz from pink to white clover, and nature is waking up all around—slowly, sedately, lovingly, as one of good conscience and in good health ever awakes. Is it not God's own peace, seeking for four o'clock? But now the milkmen's carts come rattling over the pavement, the newsboys are hastening to their stations, sleepy maids begin to wash the steps and sweep the sidewalks, and it is getting time to think of breakfast.

The country species of the four o'clock can be found almost anywhere, on the hillside, on the brook bank, in the valley—anywhere, just a short distance from the village or the farmhouse. It is a native of old Turkey, the cochin china rooster, or his saucy little imitator, the bantam, will wake you early enough if you heed their first challenge to daylight. The country species of the four o'clock is like its city mate, save in variety and greater luxuriance. You will find it in the valley, by the brookside, where the little trout is flashing out of the pools to seize the morsel that drops upon the ripples. The sun comes up to the mountain tops or breaks through the intervals, and all along the meadows, the yellow-eyed daisies will flutter themselves like a pretty maid will prink at the coming of her sweetheart. Countless birds are astir with sweet chirrup and brief notes of merry trilling notes. Out on the edge of the road a wide-open-eyed brown rabbit peeps here and there and looks in at you, and then turns scampering back to where her young are hid. Gray and blue and golden birds scurry from their nests, and the faint chirp of the reemigrant and hungry birds can be heard. Down below, if you are on some overlook, you can see the sun chasing the morning mist up the hillside, as older children often do the white. As the sun comes down the green slope and slides across the stream, it turns the peering stones to gold and countless gems seem trying to climb the brook's bank. Royal purple and green and silver

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NATH CHILDS.

"NEW ENGLAND TODAY."
 In the New York Tribune of last Monday EDWARD EVERETT HALE contributes a very notable article on "New England Today." It is remarkably rich in valuable comparative statistics.

Though Mr. HALE does not avowedly give his article a protectionist bias the Tribune utilizes its figures concerning New England's prosperity as an argument for protection. Whether such was the writer's intent is of little importance beside the great value of the collected facts.

The statistics of immigration into New England in later years serve a valuable purpose in tending to allay the fears of those whom Mr. HALE terms "fanatical Protestants" touching the future of this section of the country. After stating that the largest element of immigration to New England now consists of French Canadians, Nova Scotians, and other people from the British Provinces, he finds that of 147,352 people who came into Massachusetts in 1885 from the Provinces, only 64,503 were Catholics. The other 82,847 were Protestants. Says Mr. HALE:

Counting Austria, France, Portugal, Spain and Ireland as Catholic countries and the rest of the world as Protestant, and making the proper allowance for French Canadians also, it may be roughly said that at that time—1885—there were about 200,000 Catholics in the Protestant States named. Since that time the proportion of Protestants has increased and that of Catholics has decreased. This is due to the cessation of the Irish emigration and the increase of emigration from the Provinces, from Scandinavia and Germany, while the number of French Canadians, on the whole, about stationary.

Mr. HALE estimates that New England is four times richer today than she was in 1800, and that a yard of cloth is made with one-fourth the labor required at that time. Here is a statement certainly calculated to set the wage laborer and the eight-hour advocate to thinking. What share has labor received of an increase of wealth which has multiplied itself by four since 1800? And if improved machinery now enables us to produce cloth with one-fourth the labor that was required in 1800, does not the laborer deserve a fair share of the benefits in the way of shorter hours?

It would be pleasant and instructive to follow Mr. HALE'S valuable statistics of New England paragraph by paragraph, but we must content ourselves with a cursory view of the general picture which he draws of the New England of today. He shows us a New England where large numbers of the children of the old sturdy stock have deserted the parental farm and workshop and gone to other sections to increase their wealth at the relative expense of New England industries. The fourfold multiplication of wealth which he estimates is not the result of a development of New England industries, but largely the returns from money invested to develop other sections, while New England docks rot and New England farms are deserted. Where, we may ask, does protection come in here?

Mr. HALE intimates that New England is coming more and more to serve the purpose of a summer residence section and a quiet place of domicile for rich men whose investments are in other sections. The mansions, hotels and gardens of these capitalists may nominally stand for New England wealth, but what becomes of that grand, distinctive character which generations of honest toil and industrial thrift gave to the New England of old?

The picture which Mr. HALE'S summing up suggests of the New England that is to be is far too rich in treasures not acquired out of the development of her own native resources to be contemplated with entire satisfaction.

Room New England Industries!

THE SUICIDE.
 (Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Independent.)
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 'Twas the wealth I carried, I like the pack—away from city haunts, fly alone the robins bring the dainty morsel for the yellow-backed young, high up in that elm tree, since the sparrow's spits cannot drive the golden-breasted mother and father away. The sun is now over the house tops and peering over the trees or down through the vista of the lower ones. Butterflies flutter about, bees buzz from pink to white clover, and nature is waking up all around—slowly, sedately, lovingly, as one of good conscience and in good health ever awakes. Is it not God's own peace, seeking for four o'clock? But now the milkmen's carts come rattling over the pavement, the newsboys are hastening to their stations, sleepy maids begin to wash the steps and sweep the sidewalks, and it is getting time to think of breakfast.

The country species of the four o'clock can be found almost anywhere, on the hillside, on the brook bank, in the valley—anywhere, just a short distance from the village or the farmhouse. It is a native of old Turkey, the cochin china rooster, or his saucy little imitator, the bantam, will wake you early enough if you heed their first challenge to daylight. The country species of the four o'clock is like its city mate, save in variety and greater luxuriance. You will find it in the valley, by the brookside, where the little trout is flashing out of the pools to seize the morsel that drops upon the ripples. The sun comes up to the mountain tops or breaks through the intervals, and all along the meadows, the yellow-eyed daisies will flutter themselves like a pretty maid will prink at the coming of her sweetheart. Countless birds are astir with sweet chirrup and brief notes of merry trilling notes. Out on the edge of the road a wide-open-eyed brown rabbit peeps here and there and looks in at you, and then turns scampering back to where her young are hid. Gray and blue and golden birds scurry from their nests, and the faint chirp of the reemigrant and hungry birds can be heard. Down below, if you are on some overlook, you can see the sun chasing the morning mist up the hillside, as older children often do the white. As the sun comes down the green slope and slides across the stream, it turns the peering stones to gold and countless gems seem trying to climb the brook's bank. Royal purple and green and silver

dragon flies dart from place to place; late spider webs on their bright red heads above the green sprays, and the eye can rest on no spot where nature has some beautiful, matchless picture to gladden and calm the mind.

Three centuries ago, in quaint French, Philippe Desportes wrote:

O happy he, to pass whose life, 'tis said
 Amid his own, after enviable shade,
 Among the woodlands, forests and the fields,
 From worldly tumult and its noise away,
 Whom ever gives up his liberty for pay.
 To kings or princes' passions never yields.

Thus can the four o'clock seeder say. If the seeder be not a finder, he has not seen nature's own face, for the morning four o'clock grows in the heart, or in the mind, and springs up alongside of sweet content. The slender bears it home with him and it will grow and flourish and new blossoms come with each loving search.

NATH CHILDS.

"NEW ENGLAND TODAY."
 In the New York Tribune of last Monday EDWARD EVERETT HALE contributes a very notable article on "New England Today." It is remarkably rich in valuable comparative statistics.

Though Mr. HALE does not avowedly give his article a protectionist bias the Tribune utilizes its figures concerning New England's prosperity as an argument for protection. Whether such was the writer's intent is of little importance beside the great value of the collected facts.

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